

THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

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THE GREATER WASHINGTON

Nothing less than that Washington shall become the most beautiful of all the great cities of the world will answer the aspirations of Representative David H. Mercer of Nebraska, chairman of the House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, who delivered a most interesting address, a few evenings ago, before the Brightwood Citizens' Association. Incidentally he gave a sharp rap on the knuckles to those Congressmen who habitually absent themselves from the House whenever District measures are under consideration, and whose conception of the necessities of a community like this are bounded by their experiences in some backwoods village. "Many of the Congressmen who come here," he said, "have never before seen sewers or electric light. What can you expect to get from them, when they come selfishly thinking only of their own districts?"

Mr. Mercer would have Congress-

men right now all the property south of Pennsylvania, between the Capitol and the Treasury and to the Mall. He would have the Government use the rentals from such property as a portion of the interest on the required outlay until such time as it gets ready to erect a series of palatial public buildings all along that magnificent stretch of ground. He has other ambitious plans, not the least of which is the erection of a building for the Supreme Court which shall equal in beauty and finish our now world-famous Library. "I am," said Mr. Mercer, "for beautiful Washington and the plans of the Park Commission which will surely make the American Capital the green spot of the world."

Long life and more power to David H. Mercer! May all his progressive ideas fructify, and may he live long enough to behold the realization of his aspirations for the Greater Washington.

THE HEALTH OF JURORS

An interesting question has been raised by the demand of one of the men who served on the jury that tried the famous Molinex case in New York. He has preferred a claim for \$50,000, on the ground that his health has been permanently impaired in consequence of his long confinement and arduous service incident to the trial of that case. The claim has been submitted to the city comptroller, and that official is reported to be considerably puzzled as to the decision he ought to render. If he disallows the claim the ex-juror intends to submit it to the courts, in which event some highly interesting and novel points of law and equity are sure to be raised.

The State has the right to command the services of its qualified citizens for jury duty. The citizen who submits to the compulsory process of the

courts in this respect, does so nearly always at considerable personal inconvenience, and not infrequently incurs pecuniary loss by obeying the mandate. As to either, or both, of these features of the case the State is not compelled to take notice, or to incur responsibility. It would seem, however, that the case assumes a different aspect if a person, in doing compulsory jury duty in the interest of the State, is permanently injured in his health and thereby disqualified to follow his usual avocation and incapacitated for the ordinary enjoyment of life. Under such circumstances the question may well be raised if the State is not bound in equity to tender some compensation for the irreparable injury he has sustained. The New York case will undoubtedly attract the attention of the legal profession everywhere.

BOOKER WASHINGTON'S LEAVEN

While the great majority of his people find in the rightful recognition everywhere accorded Booker Washington only the promise of a radical equality for which they are in no wise fitted, there are negroes who have caught the keynote of his philosophy—that sacrifice is the cornerstone of achievement, says the "Louisville Courier-Journal." In this class, which represents the hope of solution for the negro problem, are included two, at least, of Louisville's colored men, the one a preacher, the other a teacher. Within the past week both have given utterance to thoughts which show the leavening of Prof. Washington's influence. On Sunday night S. R. Jones, a colored minister, made industry the text of his sermon. Education he held to be the means, not the present end of his race. He made his plea for intelligent effort on the part of his people in the fields that are now open to them—agriculture and the small trades. For them they are fitted by nature and a ready aptitude for assimilation. It is in their power to do such work thoroughly and well under the instruction and training of men of their race who are successfully working out the problem for themselves. Literature, art and science for the negro as a people are at the end of centuries of progress which must have their beginning in industrial activity.

The whole line of thought was an echo of that presented by Booker Washington in his address of Friday night. The second of Washington's followers in Louisville is Joseph S. Cotter, principal of a ward school, who has recently had copyrighted a drama in blank verse dealing with the industrial question for the negro.

Taken solely as a dramatic work, the play, as was to be expected, shows crudeness of construction and excess of "undigested thought." In his endeavor to cover a wide field and at the same time to tell a story of dramatic sequence and clearly sustained interest, the author has fallen short in both regards. The ambition of his literary and dramatic purpose militates against the effectiveness and comprehensiveness of the views which he attempts to present. His is the common error of doing that against which he warns his people. Divested of its unbecoming imagination, lack of fidelity to types, and failure to weigh properly existing conditions, the play is a remarkable effort. For in it the negro's needs are recognized, his dangers pointed out, and the remedy understood.

The play takes its name from its central figure, Caleb, the degenerate. The

looseness of the marriage relations among the negro is responsible for his evil and predilection to crime. The evil in him is fostered by the designs of a negro preacher, who gains his living by playing upon the credulity and the desire of his people for easily won pleasures and unthinking enjoyment. The type of negro called by his fellows the "swell coon" is held up as a warning against excess in dress and the expenditure of money not honestly worked for. As the factor in the betterment of the race, is introduced a negro bishop at the head of an industrial school. It is evident that Booker Washington is the prototype of this character. While the working out of the drama brings tragic endings to Caleb, the preacher, and the duke, the bishop leads his people into a knowledge of the honor that comes with industry, the happiness that may be secured, and the advancement gained through means within the negro's reach. It is the author's purpose to have the play acted by members of his own race, but in this he will find himself handicapped by reason of the fact that the negroes now on the stage have trained their feet at the expense of their heads. The play is interesting as a study, admirable in its purpose, but hardly practicable in its present form.

AFTER.

One who was rich picked out a spot
High on a noble hill, and there
He built himself a costly tomb,
That all the people might know where
He rested when his work was done.
The marble glistened in the sun;
The white shaft towered in the air.

A toiler where the crowds were great
Had loved of men big in his heart;
He sang to make the sighing glad,
And preached for peace with all his art.

His song died on his lips one day,
They laid the ill-clad form away,
From all the costly tombs apart.

Broad paths are beaten to a spot
Watched now with loving, jealous care;
And rich and poor and great and small
Fare far to stand uncovered there.
High on the hill, seen from below,
A rich tomb stands, but few men go
To see what name the shaft may bear.
—S. E. Kiser, in Harper's.

For the Soldiers of the Future.

Boston Herald—This from General Porter's West Point address is good enough to make note of and remember: "Modesty should go hand in hand with valor. Never underrate yourself in a battle, never overrate yourself in a dispatch."

THE MODERN BRIGAND.

There is something the matter with the Macedonian brigands when considered as picturesque beings. This is a fact which the readers of Miss Stone's story of her capture have been brought gradually to perceive. They began the story expecting something like a comic opera, and their expectations have gradually simmered down to nothing. There is nothing operative about these brigands. They sound as prosaic as a trolley car.

Can it be that brigandage has ceased to be picturesque and become as coldly, practically commonplace as everything else in this twentieth century? The brigand and always was a commercial person, questions of sentiment not counting for anything with him where the cash was concerned. He left sentiment to other people; but violent indeed were the feelings with which the rest of the community regarded him. From the pirate Vikings to the robbers in "Fra Diavolo," the highwayman has always inspired feelings of some sort in all who came in contact with him. In song, in story, and in drama he has relieved the world of its immemorial dullness.

But the brigands who captured Miss Stone were of a different make. There is nothing picturesque or exciting about them. Instead of adding to the gaiety of nations they actually, by their unexcusable delay, took the spice out of the sensation which they furnished and made it a bore. What is the reason of this?

Possibly it is not the brigands so much as the medium through which they were seen. There have been missionary reports which described exciting things, but not a single one of them ever made exciting reading. Missionaries came in contact with wonderful varieties of human nature, but there is about as much human nature in their reports of their doings as there is in a dried clam shell. Some men can go down on Mulberry Street and find material for picturesque writing. Others can go round the world and make their experiences sound like a Patent Office report.

Ancient Roumanian Customs.

Every spring from the mountain villages of Roumania a throng of dancers invades the towns and cities. Their dancing is noisy, as they wear bells on their belts, sleeves, and trousers, and shout and stamp their feet to the ground as they dance; but they are unable to explain the meaning of the words they say. Nevertheless, some of our learned men have succeeded in interpreting them, and they have discovered that unconsciously, and by mere force of tradition, these peasants dance the Phrygian dance, so sacred in ancient mythology, in which the Curie warriors are said to have shouted boisterously in order to prevent Saturn from hearing the voice of his infant son, Jupiter, the future king of the gods having been hidden by his mother, Rhea, lest Saturn should devour him.

The cake that Orpheus threw before Cerberus, when the unfortunate musician went down to hell in search of Eurydice, is still to be seen at every Roumanian funeral; the simple country folk decorate the mixture of corn and sugar with poppies, as, according to Latin mythology, Orpheus mingled the juice of poppies in the cake, that Cerberus might fall asleep and allow him to pass unobserved.

The fate of the Sabine women is still commemorated in our villages, where no marriage takes place without a preliminary ceremony; that of the amusing flight of the bride riding the bridegroom's horse. The parents also cooly play their part, and catch the couple on their way, pretending the greatest indignation; and then, when the spirit of tradition is satisfied, when they have obeyed the customs inherited from their ancestors, the priest is called in to accomplish the Christian rite. But unconscious paganism has ever held the foremost place among the people. At a funeral, after the words of eternal peace and Christian hope have been spoken over the closed grave, a libation of oil and wine is poured on the mound by the priest himself, and in this way primitive religion is united to that faith from which we all derive comfort and strength.—The Contemporary Review.

MISTER GOOD TIMES.

Mister Good Times comin'—
Ain't a bit o' doubt!
Hope he'll never pass me by—
Hang dat latching out!

Weary wid de waitin'—
Faintin' by de way;
Sweep dat flo' en swing dat do—
Dis head's whar I stay!

De chimney's toppled over—
De gate show bill er sale;
I livers right roan' de co'er—
Convenient ter de fall!

Come on, Mister Good Times—
Don't you stan' in doubt!
Raise yo' eye—don't pass me by—
Latching hangin' out!

—Frank L. Stanton.

WHAT SCIENCE DOES NOT KNOW ABOUT VOLCANOES

By Prof. ROBERT T. HILL, Who Visited Martinique as a Member of the Dixie Expedition.

There is much poppycock about science and "scientists" in the minds of the people. Science is merely the collection of data and the formulation of intelligible deductions therefrom concerning the laws of nature. Everyone who has the power of seeing and thinking about that which he has seen is more or less a scientific man. I used to think that even "Weyler," the white-nosed monkey on the Dixie, when engaged in the act of picking up a beer bottle almost as large as himself and holding it up to peer within its cavern, in order to ascertain if it contained any unsummed dribbles, was showing in these acts of observation and deduction the true qualities of a scientific man.

On the other hand, there is a lot of nonsense in the minds of scientific men concerning the people. Some of them think it a sin to write concerning the simple facts of nature in a language which the people can understand. For instance, the clouds of steam and rock particles which ascend from a volcano are smoke-like in their appearance, while long before treatises had been written concerning them the clouds of volcanic dust had been called ashes. There are some

"prigs" who insist upon criticising others for not calling these ashes "lapilli," while they give no name for the vapor clouds which will take the place of smoke. The merest tyro knows that the volcanic "smoke" and "ashes" are not ordinary combustion products, but so long as they have the visible physical aspects of smoke and ashes then why not call them so?

Concerning volcanoes and volcanic action there is a vast amount to be learned, and the honorable scientific man will always frankly say "I do not know" when confronted with many of the queries propounded to him.

It is generally presumed that the cause of volcanic action is the meeting of water with the hot magma below the immediate surface of the earth, causing explosions whereby vents are opened through which the hot magma forces its way to the surface through its power of expansion. But the nature of that great unexplored magma of the earth's interior is today one of the profoundest and least solved problems concerning our globe, and it is not within human power to predict what the future productions of that magma will be.

The scientific man just now is confronted with the question of sym-

thetic volcanic outbreaks at widely distant points, but he can no more explain this mysterious coincidence than can the youngest born child in its cradle. Weak in his knowledge of the birth of volcanoes, deficient in sufficient data concerning their habits and action, it is utterly impossible for him to prognosticate with certainty their future behavior.

The object of every scientific man who recently visited Martinique and St. Vincent was to collect data where he could derive some knowledge of the laws of the phenomena, and yet they were obliged to depend for their information largely upon the testimony of eyewitnesses who had never seen a scientific book. These volcanoes presented many phenomena hitherto unobserved and it will require months of careful study and deduction before the cause of the outbreak can be stated with any degree of certainty. This being the case how can one predict what their future will be?

It has been published in the papers that vast tidal waves were to be expected; that some of the islands were in danger of presenting more serious outbreaks than Pelee; that the present eruptions may be forerunners of approaching cataclysms, which

would annihilate the island. The writer must confess that he cannot see one ground for such prophecies and that in the history of these islands which have been built up to their present great heights by the ejection of debris such as accompanied the present explosion there is nothing to create such fears. The vents of Pelee and St. Vincent are the same which were opened before Columbus came and from which time and again similar eruptions to those of the present have come. The wounds are open and healthfully suppurating; why, then, should we predict that the patient will die?

While these facts are true, let not the work of the true scientific man be forgotten or held up to ridicule. Every fact properly observed and recorded is a contribution to the sum of knowledge which constitutes what we call civilization, and the man who by devoting his life to the collection and interpretation of these data—often at the sacrifice of the humanities of life, through narrow specialization—deserves only the greatest assistance, sympathy, and support, even though his specialty is some subject so small and obtuse that none but himself can comprehend it.

AN ABUSE OF PATRIOTISM

The Fourth of July noise-makers have for years maimed and killed their hundreds, and have made well persons ill, and ill ones more ill. But now the indifference of the American people is to be asked to an extension of this criminal nuisance over a period of a month or two instead of a single day.

The newspapers generally are complaining editorially and publishing the protests of indignant citizens that more than ever this year the laws against the exploding of torpedoes, etc., have been broken with impunity by boys day and night during several weeks preceding the Fourth of July. The police are indifferent to the crime—a perfect method of encouraging boys to despise and defy laws. In many parts of our cities sleep is impossible, and convalescence of the sick is interrupted for a month or more about this inglorious and frightful season. The year 1900 showed 59 deaths and 2,767 injuries, and 1901, 3,147 injuries and 56 deaths directly caused by this heathenish custom. There is needed an awakening of public sentiment as to this important matter.

The enactment of proper laws against the abuse and their strict enforcement should be demanded of the mayors of cities by journals and citizens, both professional and lay.—American Medicine.

PING-PONG VS. CROQUET

From the "Denver Post."

Old Colonel Jenkins told his wife one day he really thought to keep abreast of fashion and be up to date they ought to get a ping-pong layout; he had read about the same, and thought there was amusement in the fashionable game. His wife gave acquiescence, said the idea was good, and they would be the envy of the whole blamed neighborhood; She'd show that painted stick-up thing next door that her croquet was but an old back number game that only fossils play.

The finest set in Jenkinsville was bought, the printed rules were studied as the lessons are by kids in country schools, and soon the practice games were on in amateurish way. They showing far more awkwardness than science in the play. The stuck-up thing who lived next door could through her window see the games which were a sign, she vowed, of imbecility. And yet a flame of envy burned quite freely in her breast and filled her with a feeling of quite pestered unrest.

'Twas with a grin of ghoulish glee she one day chanced to spy A ball from Mrs. Colonel's side land on the Colonel's eye And she saw him send it back again with anger in the hit Right in her teeth and break the plate and cut her lip a bit. Then Mrs. Colonel's racket flew across the table and Upon the Colonel's forehead ear did violently land. And in the mix-up that ensued the language pro and con Was shocking to the neighbors' ears, who all were catching on!

Of course the action for divorce created quite a stir. Some laying all the blame on him, some laying it on her; And underneath their active tongues the village gossips rolled The precious morsel as if it were ball of purest gold. The Colonel is a wanderer now, has jumped the town for good, His recent helpmeet languishes in grass of widowhood, And often through the window peeps to see that stick-up thing Manipulate the croquet balls that neither pong nor ping.

MILNER AND KITCHENER.

Africa has developed, if it did not produce, two men to whom England owes a tremendous debt of gratitude. This debt she will pay in money, in titles, and in that wealth of popular ovation which is, in every land, the inevitable recognition of a large work well done in the service of the people. To Kitchener, the stern, iron, resolute, untiring giant from whose brain sprung the huge scheme of army organization which never once broke down under the tremendous strain of campaigns covering a country half the size of Europe, will go the major portion of this public tribute.

Where a soldier and a civilian are engaged in the same task more than half the credit for its accomplishment is certain to be bestowed upon the former. There is a glamour and a glitter about war, no matter how much we may deplore war itself. And in this particular case the popular adulation of Kitchener will be heightened by the fact that Kitchener is the embodiment of a spirit totally foreign to British traditions or army management. His thoroughness, his comprehension of detail, his absolute disregard for the social influences which have wrought so much damage to the British army, stamp him as more a German than an Englishman. And for this, paradoxical as it may seem, his countrymen like him the more. An instance of Kitchener's determination to

rid the British columns of all the needless luxuries with which wealthy officers were burdening the baggage trains occurred shortly after he arrived in South Africa as Roberts' chief of staff. One of his first trips away from the Cape Town base took him to the railway junction at De Aar, where he found the station platform cumbered with a lot of boxes, on their way to Methuen's headquarters.

"What are in those?" asked Kitchener, kicking one of them with a heavily shod foot.

"Cases of champagne for the 1st Regiment and the 2nd Guards," replied a road official. "They're going up to the Modder."

"Net yet," returned Kitchener. "They are going to the hospitals."

And to the hospitals they went. Since the complete story of the peace negotiations has been published a change in the attitude of the Boers toward Lord Milner has been made apparent. Formerly they distrusted and hated him; now he seems to be only less popular with them than is Lord Kitchener. As they have come to know the man better, they have learned that previous estimates of him were mistaken.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Sir Lucius O'Trigger's Advice.

Boston Journal—The Italian statesman, as well as the French, might imitate Bob Acres when duel time comes round and choose swords at thirty paces.

SCIENCE AND VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS

The gay and glorious daily press is having a gleeful gloat over the retirement of the men of science to the gloomy glades of oblivion, says the "American Inventor."

A number of prophecies were made to the effect that Mont Pelee was not dangerous, and would not break forth for some years to come, if at all. On account of the failure of the facts every space writer who can secure two inches in the editorial columns of his journal seems to think it is up to him to throw his little bit of satire and sarcasm at the mistaken scientific gentlemen who dared to say Pelee was going to be good when Pelee had no such intention. This course is about as reasonable as that taken by the old lady who sued her dog doctor because after he had pronounced his canine patient cured of mange the dog fell down and broke his leg!

A scientific prophecy is never intended to be a statement, of fact, and no scientist wants his utterances taken as such. Men who make Nature and her laws their special study know more in proportion as they realize the vast amount which they do not know, and every utterance which can be construed as a prognostication of coming natural events is, or should be, understood to mean that such-and-such a happening will occur; provided, first, that the observations previously made of similar phenomena are sufficient in range and

number to deduce a law, and second, that no new and unknown law interferes with the result as expected.

According to the dictates of seismology and geology, Pelee should not have burst forth in flame and smoke. But no geologist would claim that he or all his associates together know all or a tenth part of all that is to be known about the earth and what goes on inside it.

An exact parallel is found in the local weather predictions. A prophecy of fair weather is made, it rains, and the press and public laugh. Yet the Weather Bureau has made no error, but merely prophesied from existing conditions and data at hand that fair weather would result. If the data were incomplete, and new meteorological factors sprung up, is that the fault of the bureau? The science is in its infancy, and does not pretend to be exact. Neither does seismology or geology. Therefore the above mentioned gloom is more or less out of place. It would, of course, have been a magnificent attainment of science had it been possible to accurately foretell the catastrophe and save those thirty thousand lives, but the failure to do so should not be laid upon science, nor upon Father Time, who is not yet old enough to have allowed the children of earth sufficient opportunity for observation and investigating the laws which govern the earth of which he is the lord.

KITCHENER ON DUELING

An American officer who was acquainted with Lord Kitchener years ago in Egypt tells a story which illustrates that general's opinion of dueling. An officer in the Egyptian army came to Kitchener with a tale of woe to the effect that another officer had insulted him, and asked permission to challenge him to a duel. Kitchener laughed at the aggrieved gentleman and refused to listen to the proposition.

This may be taken by some Englishmen of the traditions of the insulted officer as an indication that Kitchener has not the feelings of a true aristocrat, and they may trace his deficiency to the fact that he was born a commoner, and has attained his present eminence without the help of political influence, wealth, or any special personal magnetism except ability, which is something of a magnet in itself. Perhaps they are right. A man who has done much work rarely looks at the world from precisely the same point of view as one who has spent his life in seeing others work. He is likely to consider unimportant some of the things which the idler thinks essential, and he is not likely to bother much about so-called questions of honor unless they happen to affect personal integrity or practical affairs, when he sometimes pays even more attention to them than the born aristocrat would. It may be a misfortune, for esthetic reasons, that dueling has gone out of fashion in most civilized countries, but one can hardly assert that there are fewer true gentlemen now than when the custom was universal, and there are certainly fewer bullies and blackguards.

It is useful to remember, in this connection, that it was Queen Victoria who stopped dueling in the British army, and her blood was probably as aristocratic as any in Great Britain.

GREAT BRITAIN'S CHIEF DIPLOMATIC FEAT.

There is a new factor in European politics; it is America. More particularly is this new factor important in the calculations of the British empire. The development of the United States has shifted—for Great Britain certainly—the diplomatic center from Paris to Washington, but our government altogether ignores the altered situation. The following table of salaries paid to our diplomatic representatives is instructive: The British ambassador at Paris receives £9,000; at Berlin, Constantinople, and Vienna, £8,000; at St. Petersburg, £7,800; at Rome, £7,000; at Washington, £4,500.

Apart from other considerations, it is, therefore, obvious that Paris is regarded by our diplomatists as the prize of the service, while Washington is a low rung in the ambassadorial ladder. But the United States send their best men to represent them in London, and London is the appointment which those men most value.

It is time for us to remove from our minds the lingering impression that America is a rebellious British colony; a vulgar Anglo-Saxon suburb. The United States is now a great country, the most important foreign element that Great Britain has to deal with. Washington must, therefore, be made the principal post in our diplomatic serv-

ice, and to do that the salary must be considerably raised, even if at the expense of the other first-class appointments.

It would be a pitiful blunder to appoint a new ambassador to succeed Lord Pauncefote on the old line, as a representative to the least important embassy but Madrid!—London Truth.

BLOSSOM-LADEN JUNE.

By L. C. BISHOP, in "Home and Flower."

Oh! blossom-laden June; sweeter, by far,
In all thy joyous moods, than others are,
I, when I look upon thy face,
Can see, in others, nothing of thy grace.
With the sweet scent that lingers on the air,
When thou art near, no other can compare.

No, not the fragrance of the lotus bloom
Can soothe the senses like thy sweet perfume.
Oh! incense-breathing one, thy breath, to me,
Is like the breeze that blows from the Arab.

The eyrie gale that from the southland brings
A thousand welcome tidings on its wings.
Oh! rare and radiant maiden; but one kiss
From thy sweet lips beguets ecstatic bliss.
Thy witching beauty holds me in its thrall,
Oh! blossom-laden, fairest month of all.